sequestered life, but the warmth of our regard

s not on that account in any degree lessened. The account of Mr. Longfellow's parentage and early life will dispel some curious misconceptions which, we know not how, at one time gained currency. There is no more characteristie mark of a provincial community than a fond ness for minute and unverifiable distinctions. and Massachusetts, which between the years 1830 and 1850 was intensely provincial, gratifind the impulse to such wire-drawn discrim inations at the expense of the State of Maine The political bitterness provoked by the selfwilled secession of its overgrown dependency in 1820 engendered a habit of social deprecia tion, and the burgesses of Boston looked on the outlying settlements of the Kennebec and Androscoggin with something of the same disdain with which a native of Jerusalem surveyed the vilinges of Galilee. That the first and greatest of New England poets would be born not in Boston, but in Portland; that the most delicate and finished interpreter of Puritan refinement and culture would be nurtured in the region vilipended as "down East;" that Harvard University would welcome to its chair of belies lettres a graduate of Bowdoin College, were propositions to be received with incredulity at the date of Mr. Longfellow's appearance in Cambridge. It will be recalled by those who have long memories that, for a good many years, even Mr. Longfellow's winning and exemplary character and the vicarious honor reflected by his fast-growing fame upon his adopted dwelling place failed to entirely dispel the chillness of the social atmosphere. There was even an impression in some circles at the time of his second marriage that the union was in some sort above his expectations or deserts, and that there was on his side a deficiency, not only on the score of worldly means, but of the worldly consideration attached to birth and family con nection. It is conventional with writers to avoid allusion to such a criticism on the ground of its triviality, but men of the world are well aware that the annoyance caused by it may be far from trifling. The fact is, as the readers of this book will be

convinced, that Mr. Longfellow's ancestry and traditions were honorable and patrician in the highest sense in which such adjectives are applicable to any of the members of a New England community. He belonged indubitably to the Brahmin caste, in glorifying which Dr. Holmes has expended, or wasted, a good deal of zeal and eloquence. His father, Stephen Long-fellow, was a graduate of Harvard College, and one of the most eminent advocates at the Cumberland bar, who represented first the District of Maine in the Legislature of Boston and the Harvard Convention, and then the State of Maine in the Federal Congress. His mother was a daughter of Gen. Peleg Wadsworth who, during the war of the Revolution was Ad intant-General setts, and who subsequently lived on an estate of 7,000 acres, known on the map as Wadworth's Grant, between the Saco and the Ossipee rivers. His father was not a rich man, but his income was sufficient for the unpretentious life of a New England gentleman and the influences and surroundings amid which young Longfellow grew up were as cultivated, as refined, as urbane as any enjoyed by the young men with whom at Cambridge h was later brought into relations. There was, in short, no period in Mr. Longfellow's career when, on social grounds alone, and without invoking the professional distinction which he speedily acquired, he might not have protested in his heart, though he could never have been guilty of a vulgar outward protest. that "my demerits may speak unbonneted

as proud a fortune as this that I have reached." There is no reason to suppose that the educational advantages possessed by Mr. Longfel low at Bowdoin College, which he entered in 1821, were sensibly inferior in respect of scope and quality to those afforded at the time by Harvard. From the aliusions to his studies in the letters now published we infer that the curricula of the two institutions were substantially identical, and the use made of his opportunities may be inferred from these epistles which both in matter and form are decidedly superior to those of most undergrad-uates in our own day. It may be worth while to enlighten those persons who share another erroneous impression, once prevalent at Cambridge, to wit, that Mr. Longfellow's attainments were of a desultory rather than solid kind, and that he was less conversant with the classics than with modern lan guages, by pointing out that he graduated fourth in a class of thirty-eight, a rank he could not have secured without being a good Latinist and a fair Gre It is nevertheless true enough that from foreign travel, in the wide sense of peregrina tions amid the past as well as the present of Continental peoples, he derived his impulses and standards and the distinctive note of his

poetic utterance.

Longfellow, as we have seen, had no reason to complain of an exceptionally austere or cramped environment; but it can not be maintained that about the New England society o his youth, viewed in its most genial aspects. there was anything aesthetic or picturesque. There was enough in it, no doubt, to tempt the minute observation of a social satirist; but a pature like Longfellow's, to which frony and cynicism were alien and repugnant, must have shrunk instinctively from too sharp a scruting of facts, and preferred to see them through the soft haze of a warm and wistful fancy. The indisposition to look closely at the hard and homely surface of reality followed him when he exchanged human companionship for nature's. and, apropos of some blemishes in an early truth familiar to students of his riper work, that Mr. Longfellow was par from being so patient and exact an observer of natural phenomena as Bryant. The oversights referred to occur in some verses published in 1826 where the skylark and the ivy are introduced in a New England landscape. Many similar exoticism might be culled from the mature as well as the youthful poems of Longfellow. They indicate that neither the phases of human life he saw about him, nor even their scenie, framework, ared anecially congenial to Long. cross. At night as he looked upon the pie-

fellow, who instinctively forsook them for a land of dreams.

The turning point of Longfellow's career was his departure for Europe in 1826 to prepare himself for the professorship of modern languages which the trustees of Bowdoln Co had voted to establish. Expecting to be gone a twelvemonth, he remained more than three years, and naturally found the time at his disposal brief enough, seeing that his purpose was to gain a sufficient mastery of German, Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese to enable him to teach these languages. With the romance tongues he did undoubtedly, even at this period, acquire a creditable familiarity, but he was still struggling with the rudiments German composition when, toward the end of the third year, he naïvely assured a correspo ent that he was more than ever convinced of the charlatenry of literary men, meaning, apparently, the lights of American letters at that spoch. The truth of course is that Mr. Longcollow's education was regarded by himself as only begun when, in 1829, he became Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin. He held the chair five and a half years, at the end of which time, having commended himself by metrical translations, and by discussions of the romance literatures in the North American Review to Prof. Ticknor, he was offered the Professorahip of Modern Languages at Cambridge, which carried with it a salary of \$1.500 -he had received but \$800 at Brunswick-and an opportunity of spending eighteen months more in Europe.

This second period of sojourn'in the Old World, which he loved and in which he could have wished that his whole life had been cast, was passed partly in England and northern Europe, in Switzerland and the Tyrol, but mainly at Heidelberg. He was accompanied in this tour by his first wife, a daughter of Judge Potter of Portland, whom he had married during his tenure of the Bowdoin professorship. It is this lady who is commemorated in the well-known lines as "the being beauteous who unto my youth was given." It was during this tour that the first Mrs. Longfellow died at Rotterdam, and in the following year the widowed post met in Switzerland Miss Appleton, then a young woman of 19, whom six years afterward he married.

In December of 1836 Mr. Longfellow entered upon the duties of his Cambridge professorship, which he continued to discharge for eighteen years. It was a memorable epoch in the history of the university. and the panegyrists of times past may question whether Harvard, in her later day of greater worldly prosperity, can show so clear a title to academic distinction of the sterling sort. Josiah Quincy was President, the elder Henry Ware and John G. Paifrey were preaching in the college chapel, the lecturers in the law school included Judge Joseph Story, Simon Greenleaf and Charles Sumner. The Professor of Latin was Charles Beck, and the chair of the Greek language and literature was occupied by C. C. Felton. Jared Sparks was living in Cambridge, editing the writings of Washington and Franklin, and in Cambridgeport then separated by open fields from the village of Old Cambridge, Washington Allston had his nouse and studio. It was the herday of the North American Review, whose corps of contributors were perhaps overloyal to the claims of reciprocal admiration. The men of learning and men of letters ther resident in Boston and Cambridge were accused of forming a close corporation, to whose adoption, no doubt, Mr. Longfellow owed something, though he presoutgrew the need of their assistance. Yet even in Boston there were heretics who shared Poe's disposition to dispute the infallibility of the Cambridge coterie. The editor of this book tells us that over Mr. Felton's review of "Evangeline" in the North American ome captious reader at the Boston Athenicum wrote in pencil, "Insured in the Mutual." Poe perhaps was right in thinking that the Harvard magnates were not quite so great men as they professed to be, yet had he personally known them, he must himself have recognized that they constituted, on the whole, a brilliant society than existed elsewhere in this country, or than, for that matter, has existed In casting his lot among them, fate since. which had withheld from Longfellow the coveted boon of dwelling in a land steeped in the associations of history and of romance, had at least awarded him the second best gift at her

The story of his residence at Cambridge is told almost wholly in his own letters and journal. The vocation which he had assumed pleasing to him, mainly because under the college system of that day a Professor could not confine himself to lectures, but was expected to discharge many of the functions of a pedagogue. This nessing Pegasus to a go-cart, and there are not a few indications of restlessness and discontent in the poet's private memoranda. Under date of Oct. 14, 1850, we read: "I seriously think of resigning my professorship. My time is so fully taken up that I have none left for writing. Then my eyes are suffering, and the years are precious. And if I wish to do anything in literature, it must be done now." He adds a reflection, the soundness of which he was himself destined to impeach. "Few men have written good poetry after fifty." was after passing the age designated that Longfellow published "Miles Standish," "The Saga of King Olaf," "The Tales of a Wayside Inn." the translation of Dante, and "The Hanging of the Crane." In June, 1853, we find in his journal another reference to his diurnal asks: "A day of hard work. Six hours in the lecture room, like a schoolmaster! It is pleasant enough when the mind gets engaged in it; but 'art is long and life is short.'" Three days later he writes: "To-day all given to college. My eyes begin to suffer. At the end of this term I must retire." He was to linger yet a little longer but on April 19, 1854, he announces resolutely at 11 o'clock in Number 6, University Hall, 1 delivered my last lecture—the last I shall ever deliver here or anywhere." Yot. it was no until six months afterward that he "got from President Walker a note, with a copy of the vote of the corporation, accepting my resignation and expressing regrets at my retirement. I am now free. But there is a good deal of and ness in the feeling of separating one's self from one's former life."

command.

the professorship that we come upon a break in the journal that marks a harrowing break in the poet's life. That a nature so gentle and amiable as Longfellow's should have been subected to bereavement in the most tragic and appalling form seems a stroke of fate as oruel as the brutal bruising of a flower. The catastrophe is thus recounted by his biographer: "On the 9th of July his wife was sitting in the library with her two little girls engaged in sealing up some small packages of their curls, which she had just out off. From a match failen upon the floor her light summer dress caught fire; the shock was too great, and she died the next morning. Three days later her burial took place at Mount Auburn. It was the anniversary of her marriage day, and on her beautiful head, lovely and unmarred in death, some hand had placed a wreath of orange blossoms Her husband was not there-confined to his chamber by the severe burns which he had himself received. These wounds healed with time time could only assuage, never heal, the deeper wounds that burned within. He bore his grie in silence; only after months had passed could he speak of it, and then only in fewest words. To a visitor who expressed a hope that he might be enabled to 'bear his cross' with pa but what if one is stretched upon it?' When not till five years later—he began again to write verses of his own, it is only infrequent phrase. and lines that reveal the sorrow lying ever at his heart. Eighteen years afterward looking over an illustrated book of Western scenery. his attention was arrested by a picture of tha mysterious mountain upon whose lonely, lofty breast the snow lies in long furrows that make

It is not many years after the retirement from

tured countenance that hung upon his chamber wall, his thoughts framed themselves into the verses that follow. He put them away in his portfolio, where they were found after his death." These verses, never before published.

bear the date July, 1879: In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A guile face—the face of one long dead—
Looks as ine from the wall, where round its head
The night lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died, and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, son-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Nuch is the cross I wear upon my breast
These sighteen years, through all the changing scene
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

Theodore Rossevelt's "Hunting Trips of Hanchman."

It is a volume of 350 pages, exquisite in paper, print, and illustration. The author's liction is in keeping with the typographical pentness of the book. Mr. Roosevelt begins his sketches with a description of ranch life in the Bad Lands along the Little Missouri, and opens his budget with his adventures in shooting water fowl. He next enters the domain of the grouse and wild turkey. Having thus fastened the interest of the reader, he leads him into the haunts of the white and black tailed deer. He next drags him over craggy and snow-clad ranges in chase of mountain sheep, and leads him into wooded ravines and grassy parks after the lordly buffalo. closes his work with an elk hunt and his experience in pursuing and killing grizzly bears. The interest of the reader is gradually and sagaciously increased, and he closes the covers of the book with regret. The author is scholastic, yet clear in his descriptions. He, powever, overweights his narrative with an excess of detail not sustained by results. There is so much sameness in the details accompanying a description of each adventure that they become tiresome, and the reader is tempted to jump them and ascertain the denouement without more ado. Impatient readers will be pleased to begin at the last chapter in the book

and work toward the front, thus securing the

cream of the work without waiting for it to

rise in due course of perusal.

The most interesting of the chapters is Mr. Roosevelt's narrative of his experience in killing grizzly bears. He says that the danger in hunting this beast has been greatly exaggerated. It was first hunted by men who used the long-barrelled, small-bored pea rifle. The bullets ran seventy to the pound. Of late years, however, hunters have used heavy breech-loading repeators. The bears have recognized the difference in the guns, and this knowledge has become hereditary. No grizzly will now assail a man unprovoked. If wounded or cornered, however, he will fight with fury that makes him the most dangerous of wild beasts. If a man stumbles on a grizzi he is almost certain to be attacked, but really more from fear than from any other motive The author says that he has personal knowledge of only two instances where a man has been killed by a grizzly. One was that of a hunter who had wounded a bear at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. The brute turned and came straight at the man, whose second shot missed. The bear ran past the man, striking only a single blow. That blow, however, tore out the collar bone, and snapped four ribs. The man died that night. The second instance was near the headwaters of the Little Missouri. Three prospectors, forty yards apart, jumped a bear. The first of the three was so close to the grizzly that he held his rifle over his head as a guard. It was struck down the claws of the great brute shattering his skull like an egg sheil.

Mr. Roosevelt did his grizzly hunting in the Big Horn range. He had killed a fine bull elk. Its carcass attracted the bears. On the next morning the party tracked a great bear from the carcass to his bed among some young spruce trees. The grizzly heard the hunt ers coming and rose to his hind feet. Within twenty seconds Theodore had planted a heavy bullet between his small, gilttering eyes. The brain was penetrated and the bear fell dead. He weighed about 1,200 pounds. A grizzly's brain, the author says, is about the size of a pint bottle. Any marksman can bit a pint bottle offhand at thirty or forty feet, and as a grizzly is only dangerous at close quarters all that is required in the hunter is steadiness. The grizzly's flesh is course and not well flavored.

The author devotes an interesting chapter to his experiences in still hunting elk on the mountains. These animals, like the buffalo, have been driven from the plains, and are fast disappearing. Unlike the buffalo, however, they are still very common in the dense woods that cover the mountains. The alk was originally found as far east as the Atlantic sea board. Antiers are still preserved in the house of a Long Island gentleman whose ancestors killed the beavers on the island in the last century. The last elk in New York was killed in the Adirondacks in 1834. In 1864 one was killed in Pennsylvania, and a very few are still to be found in northern Michigan. Elsewhere the animal must be sought far to the west of the Mississippi. There the skin hunters and meat butchers are waging a relentless war upon it. and the herds are being thinned out with terrible rapidity. Excepting the moose, it is the largest, and, without exception, it is the noblest

of the deer tribe. Mr. Hoosevelt did his elk hunting in the Big Horn Mountains. He was on the track of a herd on a wooded crest when his rifle barrel struck the trunk of a tree. There was a stamp and a movement among the bushes. The elk heard, but had neither seen nor smelt the A second afterward the author saw their shadowy outlines trotting down the hill. herd was passing him not twenty yards away at a slashing trot, when he opened fire. He made four shots, and although he caught only fleeting glimpses of each animal between thick tree trunks, he brought down a full-grown cow. and broke the hind leg of a bull calf. He spent some days hunting in these mountains, and secured some magnificent antiers. He says that the call of the bull elk at night is a most singular and beautiful sound-the most musical cry uttered by any four-footed beast. It is almost impossible to believe that it is the call of an animal. It sounds far more as if made by an molian harp, or some strange instrument. It has the sustained varied melody of some bird songs, with a hundred fold greater power. Its charm is heightened by wild and desolate surroundings. Heard in clear, frosty moonlight, from the depths of the rugged and forest-clad mountains, the effect is beautiful. The notes are uttered continuously, in a soft, vibran tone, so pure that they can be heard half a

Mr. Roosevelt speaks feelingly of the buffalo. Less than a score of years ago herds containing millions ranged from near Mexico to far into British America. Their destruction has gone on with appalling rapidity. The railroads carried hordes of hunters into the land. and gave them means to transport their spoils to market. The Union Pacific road splits the range. The herds in the middle were slaughtered or thrust aside, leaving two ranges, the northern and the southern. The latter was the larger, but, being more open to the hunters, was the sooner to be depopulated. The last of the great southern herds was destroyed in 1878, though scattered bands escaped and wan dered into the desciate wastes to the south west. Five years later the last of the northern herds was also destroyed or broken up. The bulk of this slaughter was done in a

dozen years. Never before in all history were so many large wild animals of one spe slain in so short a space of time. On the plains, where the herds made their last stand, there are millions of mouldering skeletons and carcasses dried in the clear high air. Around the heads of the Big Sandy, Little Beaver, and other streams last year scores of these skeletons and dried carcasses were in sight from every hillock. A ranchman who in 1884 had made a journey of a thousand miles across northern Montana along the Milk River Mr. Roosevelt that during the whole distance he was never out of sight of a dead buffalo and never in sight of a live one. With rare exceptions, these animals were killed for their

pelts alone. Truthfully may it be said that the sudden extermination of these herds is without a parallel in historic times.

This destruction has developed a race known as the wood or mountain buffalo. It has acquired habits widely different from those of others of its kind.' It is found in the wooded and most precipitous portions of the mountains. It goes singly or in small parties instead of in huge herds, and it is more agile and infinitely more wary than is its prairie cousin. The hair grows longer and denser, and the form is more thick set. Unfortunately the race has developed too late. Unless very stringent laws are made for its protection it will also dis-appear. The author solaces himself with the fact that the extermination of the buffalo bas solved the Indian question. As long as the berds existed, the Indians could not be kept on their reservations, for they always had an ample supply of meat on hand to support them in the event of a war.

A fascinating chapter is the one on mountain

sheep. The author hunted them in wintry weather. In size they come next to buffalo and elk. No animal in the world is the superior of the mountain sheep in climbing. No matter how sheer the cliff, or how tiny the cracks or breaks in the surface, the big horn will bound up or down it, with seeming absence of effort. In descending a sheer wall of rock it holds all our feet together, and goes down in long jumps, bounding from the surface like a rubber ball every time it strikes it. One will rush over a cliff to what appears certain donth, and will gallop away from the bottom unharmed. They neither allo, nor make a mistake, even on the narrowest ledges when covered with ice and snow. The mountain ram is so constructed that he is alike indifferent to the hottest summer sun and to the wildest storm. The rams wage savage war with each other. The horns of the old ones are always battered and scarred from butting contests, and this has given rise to the idea that they were in the habit of jumping over precipices and landing on their heads. They must be hunted among the rocks and on rough ground. They walk quite rapidly along ledges and high peaks as they graze or browse. They always choose as a resting place some point from which they can command a view of all the surrounding territory. An old ram is peculiarly wary. The top of a peak is a favorite resting bed, but more frequently he chooses some ledge just below the crest or lies on a shelf of rock below a ridge giving him a view of the country on three sides His color harmonizes so curiously with the grayish brown of the ground that he is frequently mistaken for a boulder. For protection against danger the big horn relies on ears, eyes, and nose alike. The slightest sound starties it. If it sees or smells anything which odes danger, it is off like a flash. In hunting these mountain sheep, the sportsman must keep above them. He must clamber to the top of a ridge, and after that keep on the higher crests. He must be careful not to step on a loose stone or to start any crumbling earth. He must always hunt up or across wind, and he must use every crag or boulder to hide himself from the gaze of his quarry. He must not go on the very summit, as that would silhouette him against the sky. Above all, he must pay good heed to his own footing or else run the

on the very summit, as that would silhouette him against the sky. Above all he must pay good heed to his own footing or else run the risk of breaking his neck.

Mr. Roosevelt went for the sheep in the bad lands, an attractive home for these animals. Three days was he climbing the icy peaks and crags before he got a shot at a ram. He was following a track through the snow, and on emerging from a crag saw two rams ninety yards off across a ravine. The one with the largest horns was brondside toward him. The ram stood on the creat of a ridge, his massive form outlined clearly against the sky. The hunter dropped on his knee, raising his rifle as he did so. The ram did not quite make him out, and turned his head half round to look. I held the sight fairly on the point just behind his shoulder. Says the author, and pulled the trigger. At the report he staggered and pitched forward, but recevered himself and crossed over the ridge out of sight. We jumped and slid down into the ravise again, and clambered up the opposite side, as fast as our lungs and the slipper; loe would let us; then taking the trail of the wounded ram we trotted along it. We had not far to go; for, as I expected, we found him lying on his side 200 yards beyond the ridge, his eyes already glazed in death. The bullet had gone in behind the shoulder, and ranged clean through his body crosswise, going a little forward. No animal less tough than a mountain ram could have gone any distance at all with such a wound.

This was the only ram that was killed on that trip. The mutton in the fail is the most delicious eating furnished by any game animal. Nothing else compares with it for juciness, tenderness, and flavor. At all other times of the year it is tough, stringry, and worthless.

The bird hunter will be much interested in the stories of grouse and turkey hunts and of the spring flight of ducks and geese. A description of ranch life may prove attractive to young men longing for the plains and the life of a cowboy. The author does nothing to dispoint on

of a cowboy. The author does nothing to dis-pel the glamour of such an existence, as secon from the Atlantic seaboard. Altogether, how-ever, the work is not only entertaining but in-

Book Notes.

structive.

"Little Heartsease," by Annie L. Wright (T. B. Peteron & Bros.), is a pretty and rather pathetic story, told in an easy, if occasionally slipshod, style.

Mr. Thomas Gaffield is the author of a pamphlet on the action of sunlight in changing the color of glass, which

corrects many years of careful investigation.

The latest insue of Cassell's National Library is a vol-ime containing Langhorne's translation of Plutarch's "Lives of Alexander the Great and Julius Casar." We have looked carefully through "Dawn and the Day," a volume of noems by Ereest H. Mann, and can conscientiously say that we have failed to discovera single good stanza.

"Electric Railways," by Robert Luce (W. I. Harris & co., Boston), gives in a compact form a good deal of use-ui information, historical and scientific, regarding the

electric transmission of power.
"The Watch on Calvary." by Monsignor T. S. Preston (Robert Coddington), consists of a series of meditations on the last seven words of Christ. They are written in a devotional spirit, and with considerable eloquence. The Rev. Charles C. Grafton of the Church of the Ad vent. Boston, one of the most prominent Ritualistic clergymen in the United States, is the author of an earnest plea in favor of sisterhoods, entitled "Vocation, or the call of the Divine Master to a Sister's Life" (E. 4 B. Young & Co.).

In "Must the Chinese Go!" (Rand, Avery & Co., Boston), Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, who was eighteen years a mis sionary in Chiua, says a good word for John Chinaman with no lack of pungency or force of statement. Her advocacy of the Chinese cause is generous and able, but er seal has occasionally betrayed her into doing in ustice to the other side. Capt. Willard Gluzier is the author of a volume en-

titled "Peculiarities of American Cities" (Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia), which aims to present the dis-tinguishing features of the principal cities of the United States. It is agreeably written and plentifully illustrated, but some insecuracies have crept in. "Helen," by Mrs. Sarah M. Perkius (Funk & Wagnalls), is a temperance tale of a somewhat extreme type. The

author goes so far as to urge the exclusion of wine from the celebration of the communion. The keynote of the story is struck in the advice of the herothe to all unmar-ried women: "Never marry a man who drinks, even moderately, expecting your influence will reform him." "Grammar and Composition for Common Schools," by E. O. Lyte (Appletons), is designed for pupils that have received some elementary instruction in the use and form of language. The author, who is principal of the Pennsylvania Normal School, has endeavored to present the subject of grammar in such a way as to culti-vate the powers of inductive and deductive reasoning. Mr. Henry M. Brooks is the author of "Guriosities of the Old Lottery." (Ticknor & Co.), which consists mainly of gleanings from Boston and ralem newspapers, illus trating the use so frequently made of the lottery by our forefathers to further benevolent, educational, or indus-trial schemes. This little manual affords pleasant reading, and contains much material for history. It is to be followed by others on subjects relating to olden times.

Andrew Lang's "Lefters to Dead Authors" (Soribners)
is one of the most attractive and satisfactory little books. hat have appeared for many a day. Lang is an accom plished and a most agreeable writer, and these epistles abow him at his cest. That addressed to Mr. Thackeray contains perhaps the finest and most impressive piece of criticism on that author that has yet appeared any where. The letters to Pope, Byron, and Omar Khayyan are in verse, and that to the Persian poet is in the metro that he loved. The last epistic of the volume is addressed o Quintus Horatius Finecus, and a delightful piece of

"Light on the Hidden Way " (Ticknor & Co.) is a decription by a lady, in reply to a series of questions from a friend, of her personal experience with spirits rom the other world, invisible to persons in this. It introduction, the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clark. asserts that she is regarded by many intelligent and cuttivated men and women, who are her personal friends, as sincers truthful, and conscientious. She iss had no connection with so-called "Spiritualism, and is unacquainted with any of the professional me-diums. In view of these facts the narrative, as it may be called, is of very considerable interest, and "deserves attention," the editor observes, "from those en gaged in investigating the occurs Borderland, where beings of the other world are reported as coming into relations with the inhabitants of our own." PORMA WORTH READING.

When St. Patrick was a Shophord Boy. From the Globe Democrat. Beautiful boy! tending sheep On the Northern bills, Rung to by the rilis! Now art thou fallen seleep!

Thy hair tawny and black,
From marile white brow blown back!
Over thy face creep round
The dreams that have no sound,
But with great deeds abound. Thy hand, o'er the heather thrown, Doth pluck at the shamrock blown; Doth lift it toward God's throne, Asking Ireland for thine own.

O. sweet soul! and brave! This, which thou dost crave, God, ere thou asked it, gave— Love! toil! and a grave! The sheep on the slopes below
Look up to their shepherd lad
With faces loving and glad,
And wait for the angels to go.

One lamb, wandering affright, Did call from the gien; An angel lifted it then To his heavenly bosom white. Wake! my boy! The sheep are calling! The golden rays of eve are falling O'er their fleeces, silvery white! Thou must fold them for the night.

Prom Dickens's Household Words An hour before she snoke of things.
That Hemory to the dying brings,
and hissed me all the white;
Then, after some sweet parting words,
She seemed among her flowers and birds,
Until she fell asseep.

Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now;
The crimeon leaves fail off the bough,
And atrew the gravel sweep.
I wander down the grarden walk,
And muse on all the happy talk
We had beneath the limes;
And, resting on the garden seat,
I think of other times:

Of golden eves, when she and I hat watching here the flushing sky. The sunset and the sea; Or heard the children in the lanes. Following home the harvest wains, and shouting in their glee. But when the daylight dies away, And ships grow dusky in the bay,

These recollections cease:
And, in the stillness of the night,
Bright thoughts that end in dreams as bright
Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star, and hear the breakers on the bar, The voices on the shore; The voices on the shore; And then, with tears, I long to be Across a dim, unsounded sea, With her forevermore.

The Witness. From the Hartford Times, He calmly takes his place, And stands with stately grace, A smile upon his face, Broad and bland. I must affirm, he said, And proudly raised his head; An oath to me is dead, On the stand. The lawyers daze his wits, Literally give him fits. And break him all to bits, In their net.

Questions they shrewdly ply, Till they make the witness lie, And he wishes he may die, You can bet.

He leaves with sullen pace, With hot and crimson face, A decidedly hard case, Made to squirm. He is surly as a boar.
And to himself right bere,
lie furiously doth swear,
Not affirm.

Chorus of Husband. From the Somercille Journal.

The bonnets that bloom in the epring,
Tra-lat
Blossom now in the merry sunshine;
and we deletully groan as we sing.
Tra-lat At the thought of the outlay they bring.

But we know it's no use to decline.
And that's what we mean when in chorus we sing,
Oh, confound the bounets that bloom in the spring is
Trailadelea: Trailadelea:
The bonnest that bloom in the spring. The bonnets that bloom in the spring.

Are exhibited now in the case.
And your wife wants a \$10 wing.
Tra-lat A most unattractive old thing!

A most unattractive old thing!

And a whole lot of flowers and loos.
And she says you're real mean, and a hateful old thing
if you don't huy the bonnet that blooms in the spring.

Tra-la-la-la-la-2. Tra-la-la-la-la-la-1
Oh, we do wish there weren't any spring!

An Archmological Find in Egypt. From the London Times.

Gen. Grenfell has had the good fortune to discover an ancient Egyptian necropolis in the Libyan d-sert, opposite Assouan, on the lett bank of the Nile. Among the tombs already opened are several which date from the twelfth dynasty (circs s. c. 3,000), and are constructed in the style of the great Lycopolitan sepu constructed in the style of the great Dycopolish sepai chres in the mountain above Slout. They consist of two or more halls, or chambers, connected by corridors, the roof being supported by columns, and the walls deco rated with colored has reliefs in brilliant preservation Several of these tumbs appear to belong to members of a nobie family, the heads of which were probably Govern ore of the province.

The largest is a truly magnificent sepulchre, measur ing 140 feet in depth by forty feet in breadth, and con-taining thirty columns—some square, some round. It purports to be the tomb of a certain prince of upper and and who is represented in one of the wall paintings as a laine man leaning on a crutch. A fine shrine and an altar occupy their orginal position in the innermosi chamber, and are in perfect condition.

The soulptures are very curious, and the sapect of the whole tomb is reported as extremely archaic. From the second to the end of the eleventh dynasty there were, however, many kings named Neferkara; and until th nacriptions are fully deciphered it is impossible to an under which ruler this lame functionary flourished. The tomb is attributed by those on the spot to the third dynasty; but it seems for many reasons more likely to date from the time of that Neferkars who succeeded Merenra of the sixth dynasty. The founder this line, Ati, was a native of the island Siephantine, opposite Assonan, and the place fire rose to importance under his successors. It was during the reign of Mereura that Una, a famous General and Prime Minister, quarried the granite of Assouan for the sepulchre and sarcophagus of his sovereign, and built a lest of thirteen vessels at Elephantine for the transpor of the same. Pending further details, we should there fore be judined to ascribe the large tomb to a noblemar of that period, especially if the neighboring twelfti tynasty tombs are those of his descendants. In one o hese inter there are found a series of Osiride statue representing the deceased in mummind form, done in baked clay or terra cotta, and placed in recesses along the corridor. This, at all events, is an entire novelty i omb decoration.

The constary will probably prove to be of great or ient, as there is evidence of its having been in use down to a late period. The large tomb, usurped by later comers, was found piled to the ceiling with muminies mummy cases, and funerary furniture of Roman times, including upward of sixty memorial stells. Gen. Gren-fell is actively pursuing his work of discovery by the help of our English soldiers, who continue to open and clear out tomb after tomb.

> A Great Italian Pigens Shot, From the Spirit of the Times

NICE, Feb. 20.-The supremacy of the English in pigeon shooting has not been half so manifest of late years. The Grand Prix tu Casino has fallen to them but once since 1880. During that term the Belgians and the Italians have each been successful twice, the French, the Hungarians, and the English once. This year the insular representatives made a very poor show in point of numbers. However, one among them, at least, shot up very well, and that was Lord de Clifford. who started one of the less fancied for the big event, but who, by shooting with unquestionable pluck, could not be denied second place behind Signor Guidicini, the great Italian pigeon shooter, who has now been the habitue of the Monte Carlo stand during the season for several winters past. signor Guidleint is one of the rare Italians It has been

my good fortune to know, with truly sporting instincts He is really a most extraordinary shot, a "first-barret" man, as the cognoscenti of Hurlingham would put it and, indeed, he is perfect chain lightning with that right-hand tube of his, grassing bird after bird with a single dose of lead administered with incredible rapidity. No one, however, could accuse him of the unaplike trick of "emothering" his birds on the trap. He allows his bird a sufficient rise, and then "downs" it with a precision that is so habitual as soon to become monotonous. The Grand Prix du Casino, this year, wa a case in point. Starting off in the best fashion, the great italian gunner kept steadily at the work of lower-ing the "blue rocks" whenever his turn came round. a case in point. Starting off in the heat fash ill, on the second day, toward the close of the contest he was the only one to possess a full score. This, i splie of the excitement inseparable in such cases from a position of premiership, he steadily maintained, and ui-limately, by accounting for a full score of 19 out of 19. he most deservedly secured first prize, a magnificent objet d'art and 18.250 france in coin of the realm. Another

A Wonderful Jersey Helfer.

PALMYRA. Wis., March 19.—The Rev. George 8. Styant, who has for thirty years resided on the outskirts of this village, has a full-blooded Jorsey heifer, 4 years old, born on his piace and raised under his personal care. She has never been with east, yet he has for him months taken from her daily from eight to ten queries of rien milk

ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

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The Church of England is the church of the upper classes. Whatever it does for the people it does as their superior. It is a part of the paternal system, and assists in governing the masses as a father governs his family. Perhaps one should rather say it is a relic of eudalism, and, like the army, is still officered exclusively by the gentry. Its advocates make their boast that the Church maintains a gen-tleman in every parish; and no more poten engine exists to upheld and supplement the aristocracy. The parson and the 'Squire, like the noble and the Bishop, are on the same side. The Established Church inculcates submissio and deference to whatever else is established it instructs the people to order themselves lowly and reverently toward their betters, and to do their duty in that state of life to which it has

pleased God to call them. The Church in England is "established" by law. It is founded, not on the principle of divine authority, like the Church of Rome, but on the decrees and decisions of Parliaments and courts. Its head is not the Vicar of Christ, but the Queen. It is not, like our Protestant sect of every denomination in America, a voluntary association based on the consent of those who compose its communion; it is imposed on the people of England by the aristocracy, of which it is a component part. Originally "established" by Henry VIII. because he wanted to shift his wives, it remained a monument and instru ment of royal authority until the lords usurped the place of the King in the English system and then it adapted itself to the change and became the bulwark and appurtenance of the aristocracy, which it still remains.

England is divided into 12,000 parishes, in every one of which there is a resident clergy. man who receives one-tenth of the income of the land. The ancient tithe in kind is commuted, but the clergy still obtain their tenth in residence, glebe, and commuted tithe. This is in addition to the revenues of the Bishops and to the expenditure for the care of the church edifices. These 12,000 clergymen constitute one-fourth of the resident landowners of the kingdom. Their incomes average more than \$1,500 a year. They are landowners as abso lutely as the peers: for they also are tenants for life, and cannot be dispossessed short of a revolution-unless in case of crime or gross immorality. They cannot, it is true, dispose of their estates by will; but neither can one in te of the larger landholders. From the Archbishop of Canterbury, with his \$75,000 a year down to the humblest incumbent of a parish they are emphatically part of the landed interest. Naturally the Church is conservative. It believes, with Rob Roy, that

> They should take who have the power, And they should keep who can.

The power of appointing the clergy is itself a piece of property. It is commonly attached to the land. The incumbent of a living is usually appointed by the 'Squire or some neigh boring nobleman, in whose family the privilege descends like any other inheritance. The greatest miscreant in life or infidel in belief may appoint the clergyman, if he owns the land. If a child inherits, the guardian sometimes exproises the right; and, worse yet, the right may be sold. The succession to a wealthy piece of preferment is often disposed of years in advance. You may read in the Times, in this year of our Lord, advertisements of advowsons as the right of patronage is called—the 'cure of souls" for sale. Often the notice mentions that the incumbent is old, and the prop erty is so much the more valuable, for the suc cession will be speedier. Then the advowsor fetches a higher price.

The 'Squire usually appoints his second son to the benefice. The eldest inherits the estate. and the next one takes the parish; or, if there is no second son, some other member of the family gets an inning. But large proprietors of course, have many livings in their gift, and thus the distribution extends beyond the immediate connection. Sometimes the gentleman in every parish is the scapegrace of the family, compelled to enter the Church against his will, to earn his bread and butter in a gensellway. Many incumbents hold duplicate and sinecure bonefices, and employ curates to de the work for a paitry stipend, while the real owners roap the lawful and larger income Personal fitness has little or nothing to do wit the appointment, and the choice of the souls who are to be "cured" counts for nothing at all. They have no more to say about who shall be their spiritual pastor and doctor than the

sheep of any other flock in selecting their shepherd or the shepherd's dog.

Even a Jew who owns the property may present the priest to a Christian church and the church is obliged to receive him. I knew a wealthy Jewish Baronet who bought an oid estate, and was not contented till he had secured the advowson, which had been sold away from the property. He chuckled over his purchastand his privilege. A Catholic, he said, could not present to a living; the laws prohibit that outrage on the Protestant Church; but the preposterous supposition that a Jew could possess the prerogative had never been entertained.

This Siguire by purchase built a superboountry house overlooking his parish church, which, has often happens, stood within the park. You could see it from the windows and the porch; it stood close to the new stables. But the proprietor of the older faith was very liberal; he often invited the parson to dinner, and the dependant was proud to sit at his master's table. The reverend gentleman was a fox hunter, a card-playing parson; one of a race not yet extinct, though the bread diminishes fast. I often saw him ride to hounds in pink, and two or three times a week he played cards for money with his Jewish patron. He was not clever, nor learned, but by no means an uninteresting or unworthy man; simply out of his place and time; a survival; like the State Church itself, a relic of customs that are nearly past.

The Squire's own pew for "Jews, Turks, and other infidels."

The Baronet and his wife were liberal in temporal things, as wall as soirtusl. One day the children had he was nown to be curious about English customs. The mistress was present, and at a signal from the housekeeper one of the little ones said grace over the tea, ending the partition with "for Jesus" and his evidence is said grace over the tea, ending the partition with "for Jesus" and his continued to the him, and he protestant Earl, and he, too, had his religious chuckle, though for a different cause. He was the neighbor of a family had been o

so that royal and noble sinners can pray with dignity.

The pews in the parish churches are often peculiar. I once stayed at a house where you stepped out of a corridor into a large, square room, carpeted, with chairs and a table, and in cold weather there was firs in a grate. One side of this pew overlooked the chancel, so that the family could sit out of sight of the congregation and participate in the service, or not as they pleased. If the preacher was prosy they left without being observed. In great thinks and small the Church of England consults the convenience and the consequence of those by whom and for whom the existence of the Establishment is maintained. The church and the massion, the palace and the cathedral, like the Church and the aristorracy, are part of one fabric, built into each other, so that one portion can hardly be removed without the whole edifice tumbling.

NEW GOLD FIELDS.

Mr. E. L. Baker, our Consul-General at Buenos Ayres, has recently reported to the State Department the discovery of gold in Patagonia. ording to the report of the Commission appointed by the Argentine Republic to examine these deposits, they are of a superior class, and there is abundance both of gold and platinum." Mr. Baker says the ore is believed to be richer than that of California or Australia. Not the least interesting fact about this discovery is that the new gold fields are easily accessible. The deposits are said to extend from Cape Virgin, on the northern shore of the Straits of Magellan, through which many vessels pass every year, northward along the At-

Among the mining companies organized last

year in London were fourteen projected to

carry on operations in the gold and diamond

fields of South Africa, three companies for

lantic coast for forty or fifty miles.

Asia, twelve for South America, six for Mexico and Central America, and five for Australasia. Among the mountains and foothills that border the southern and western frontiers of the Transvaal hundreds of miners are developing placer diggings, from which during the closing week of last year 2,560 ounces of gold were received at Natal. In the same region an Englishman is now turning outseveral tons of lead a day. The civil engineer, Anderson, reported fifteen months ago that among these same ranges of hills west and northwest of the Transvaul there were rich deposits of gold. He said the natives as yet would not allow the country to be properly prospected, but that if the region were annexed to the British crown there would be no difficulty in developing its resources. This country is included in the great district over

chiefs, assumed a protectorate last year. Still further north, among the many southern affluents of the Zambesi, Mr. W. Montagu Kerr recently found rich indications of gold. He brought home from these sandy river beds numerous specimens, generally free from base metals. He says the natives wash the alluvia deposits in wooden trays, and put the gold they extract in large quilis, which they carry great distances to trade for cloth and ornaments. A part of this gold-producing region had never before been visited by a white man, but in another part the Portuguese formerly carried on profitable diggings, though their methods of mining were cumbrous and expensive. It was these mines, together with the ivory trade, that made Tette, far inland on the Zambesi River, at one time a busy and important town.

Prejevalsky, the explorer, is now telling the

which Great Britsin, by treaty with the native

Russian audiences to whom he is describing his last great journey that "gold is very plentiful throughout northern Thibet." He says he saw natives mining near the sources of the Hoang Ho River. They dug only one or two feet below the surface, and their methods of washing were of the most primitive description. "Nevertheless," says Prejevalsky, "they showed us whole handfuls of gold in lumps as big as peas, and twice or thrice as big." Mr. W. Mesny, who has also visited the diggings of northern and eastern Thibot, corroborates Prejovalsky's estimate of their great value. He says he saw gold in nuggets from the size of a pea to that of a hazel nut, almost perfectly pure and perfectly malleable. Prejevalsky expresses the opinion that at a lower depth great treasures will be found on this immensely ele-vated plateau. The deepest and richest diggings observed by Mr. Mesny were about sixteen feet below the surface. In his opinion no metal will be found below the bed of rock on which this surface gold-bearing stratum rests. and in this respect he appears to dissent from the opinion expressed by Prejevalsky.

The discovery of gold two years ago in Manchuria was another of the numerous sources of unpleasantness between Russia and China. As the diggings were only twenty miles from the Russian possessions, a number of Russians joined the Chinese and Coreans who were there washing gold. One feature of the resulting disturbance was a skirmish between Russian and Chinese troops in June last, and then, it is reported, the intruding miners, with Russia's consent, were hustled out of the forbidden territory.

From Madagascar and Honduras recent reports have been received of new discoveries of gold. An expedition from the Argentine Republic is now supposed to be ascending the Chubut River in Patagonia to see if the reports derived from Indians that gold is found at its headwaters among the Cordilleras are true. Many of these regions are still practically closed to white men, and the golden promises of some of them may never be realized. The big nuggets found in Tasmania a few years ago caused a rush to her gold fields for a while, but to-day, although the annual gold product of that Island amounts to \$1,200,000. only two among 160 mining companies are pay-ing large dividends.

THREE DESPERADOES.

The Careers of the Men Arrested for the Murder of Two Polices en in Geneva, Ill CHICAGO, March 17. - In an interview here to-day Matt Pinkerton says that Henry Estee, who was entrapped and arrested for the murder of two policemen in Geneva, Ill., preserved a good reputation at his home, and that his awless acts have been performed under the alias of Harry Emerson. Estee was well connected, but had a strange ambition to become a highwayman and a general desperado. He is now 26 years of age, but began his life of crime when he was 18 only. In 1881 he was arrested in Iowa for burglary, and served two and a half years. Soon after his release he was again arrested in St. Louis and was sent up for two years. At both times he frequently tried to escape and has been severely lashed

In July, 1885, Estee, with John Sullivan' alias

or his pains.

Billy Lee, and Henry Monohan alias "Tip the Frenchmen," met at Clinton, Iowa, and went to Morrison, about sixteen miles distant in Illinois, to rob a safe in a Mr. Lapham's house. nois, to rob a safe in a Mr. Lapham's house, The house was entered through a window. Lapham was bound and gagged and taken into an adjoining room, where he was ordered to unlock the safe. Estee stood guard by the bed, where Mrs. Lapham it is in a delicate condition, Twenty-five dollars and a small amount of jeweiry were taken and the trio walked back to Clinton. Mrs. Lapham and her newly born child died the following day of the shock attending the robbery. After many other affairs of a similar nature, Estee and a crook named Larkins, and Tip met at Geneva, Ill. Here they planned and committed a number of burgiaries the last at Larrabee's, the sequel to which was the murder of Policemen Menet and Grant. Two of the men entered Larrabee's house, while one remained outside. They were discovered by the policemen, who arrested the trio and marched them ahead toward the jail. One of the men threw away his revolver. One of the others said in a whisper: "Are we going to take this?" "No, we can't," was the reply, and Tip turned and said to the policemen: "What do you want of us? We have money and are going to the hotel." We will give you n place to sleep? "was the reply. These were the inst words spoken by the policemen, for the two men, who were armed, turned and fired, one twice and the other only once. The three then ran three miles and threw their kit of burgiars' tools, which they had reained, into a stream.

They stayed in an old barn all day, and the next night took a train at Grand Crossing for Indianapolis. From Indianapolis they went to Logansport and committed several robberies, obtaining enough money to purchase another kit of tools. They then went to Lafayette, whore the State fair was being heid. From there they went to Logansport and committed several robberies in Fuiton. Ill. Lee and Tip were arrosted turing managed to secone. Larkin has not been seen interest the state parted company, the latter returning to his home at Geneva and theach to such a secone of the size before the Geneva and the committed th The house was entered through a window. Lapham was bound and gagged and taken into